And euery Greeke of mettell let him know,
What Troy meanes fairely, ſhall be ſpoke alowd. *Sound*
We haue great *Agamemnon* heere in Troy, *trumpet.*
A Prince calld *Hector*, *Priam* is his father,
Who in his dull and long continued truce,
Is reſtie growne: He bad me take a Trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeake. Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one among the fair'ſt of Greece,
That holds his honour higher then his eaſe,
And feeds his praiſe, more then he feares his perill,
That knowes his valour, and knowes not his feare,
That loues his Miſtreſſe more then in confeſſion,
(With truant vowes to her owne lips he loues)
And dare avowe her beautie, and her worth,
In other armes then hers: to him this challenge;
Hector in view of Troyans and of Greekes,
Shall make it good, or do his beſt to do it:
He hath a Lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Then euer Greeke did couple in his armes,
And will to morrow with his Trumpet call,
Mid-way betweene your tents and walls of Troy,
To rouze a Grecian that is true in loue:
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honor him:
If none, heele ſay in Troy when he retires,
The Grecian dames are ſun-burnt, and not worth
The ſplinter of a Launce. Euen ſo much.
Agam. This ſhall be told our louers Lord *Æneas*,
If none of them haue ſoule in ſuch a kinde,
We left them all at home, but we are ſouldiers,
And may that ſouldier a meere recreant prooue,
That meanes not, hath not, or is not in loue:
If then one is, or hath a meanes to be,
That one meetes *Hector*: if none elſe I am he.
Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*, one that was a man
When *Hectors* grand-ſire ſuckt: He is old now,
But if there be not in our Grecian hoſte,
A noble man that hath no ſparke of fire
To anſwer for his loue, tell him from me,

Ile hide my ſiluer beard in a gould beauer,
And in my vambrace put my withered braunes
And meeting him tell him that my Lady,
Was fairer then his grandam, and as chaſt,
As may bee in the world, (his youth in flood)
Ile proue this troth with my three drops of bloud,
Æne. Now heauens for-fend ſuch ſcarcity of men.
Vliſ. Amen: faire Lord *Æneas* let me touch your han
To our pauilion ſhall I leade you ſir;
Achilles ſhall haue word of this intent,
So ſhall each Lord of Greece from tent to tent,
Your ſelfe ſhall feaſt with vs before you goe,
And finde the welcome of a noble foe.
Vliſ. Neſtor. *Neſt.* What ſaies *Vliſſes?*
Vliſ. I haue a yong conception in my braine,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.
Neſt. What iſt?
Vliſ. Blunt wedges riue hard knots, the ſeeded pride
That hath to this maturity blowne vp
In ranke *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or ſhedding breede a nourſery of like euill,
To ouer-bulk vs all. *Neſt.* Well and how?
Vliſ. This challeng that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
How euer it is ſpread in generall name
Relates in purpoſe onely to *Achilles*.
Neſt. True the purpoſe is perſpicuous as ſubſtance
Whoſe groſneſſe little characters ſum vp:
And in the publication make no ſtraine,
But that *Achilles* weare his braine, as barren,
As banks of libia (*though* Apollo *knowes*
Tis dry enough) will with great ſpeed of iudgement,
I with celerity finde *Hectors* purpoſe pointing on him,
Vliſ. And wake him to the anſwere thinke you?
Neſt. Why tis moſt meete; who may you elce oppoſ
That can from *Hector* bring thoſe honours off,
If not *Achilles*: though't be a ſportfull combat,
Yet in the triall much opinion dwells:
For here the Troyans taſt our deereſt repute,